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ITTLETON, H. A., & CO., Insurance As' INKHAUER & BRO., Manufacturers and MASONIC MUTUAL LIFK ASSURANCE Association, Memphis, 324 Front st M Goods and Varieties, 2-9 Main street. OURES a NORTON, Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants 318 Front street. M EMPHIS BANK, cor, Main and Madison MALONE, THOMAS & CO. (successors to Cunningham, Wicks & Malone), Cotton Factors and Commission Merchants, 15 Union.

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W ARD, R. D. & CO., wholesale and retail dealers in Garden and Field Seeds, Fertilleers, Fruit Trees, Agri'l Impl'ts, 383 Main.

calculate effects. Intending so evil, so she says—and we are bound to take her at her word—she does, undoubtedly, allow herself very considerable latitude; WARD, J. D. Chething, etc., Resignat Paring and her manners to men, though pretty and undeniably taking, would be risky even for Arcadia, where all men are pure and all women innocent. But for single and all women innocent in the manners and for winter wheat to the agent, by weight, from a field of winter wheat the bushels and a half of winter wheat the bushels and a half

LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION.

VOL. IX. MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1869.

NO. 15.

CITY OF MEMPHIS.

se stell this sauling

We offer an Importation of Kid Gloves,

-AN EXCELLENT ASSORTMENT OF COLORS

ONE DOLLAR A PAIR.

WELLS & COLL, 267 Main St.

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The PUBLIC LEDGER is published every Afternoon (except Sunday) by E. WHITMORE and J. J. DUBOSE, under the firm name of WHITMORE & CO., at No. 13 Madison street.

The Public Linear is served to City subscribers by faithful carriers at FIFTEEN CENTE, per week, payable weekly to the carriers.

By mail (in advance): One year, \$8; six months, \$4; three months, \$1; one month, 75 cents. Newsdealers supplied at 2% cents per cop-Communications upon subjects of general in-frest to the public are at all times acceptable. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned. RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Displayed advertisements will be charged according to the array occupied, at above rates, there being twolve lines of solid type to the inch.

Notices in local column inserted for twenty conts per line for each insertion.

Special Notices inserted for ten cents per line for each insertion.

Notices of Deaths and Marriages, twenty

Notices of Deaths and Marriages, twenty cents per line.

To regular advertisors we offer superior inducements, both as to rate of charges and manaer of displaying their favors.

Advertisements published at intervals will be charged One Dollar per square for each insertion.

All bills for advertising are due when contracted and payable on demand.

Su. All letters, whether upon business or otherwise, must be addressed to

AIR -" Ten Little Indian Boys."

Eight Grant relatives asking office leaven; Another got Assessorship, then there w seves.

ix Grant relations in office-begging diver-tuether got Postmastership, then there

Three Grant relations in kitchen cabinet stew Another got a Captaincy, then there were two

Female Poschers - The Terrors of Womanhood From the London Times. A female poacher is not one who lays running nooses for hares and rabbits, or who goes out on cloudy nights for the chance of knocking over a pheasant or so, but one who trespasses on the erotic preserves of her sisters, and who likes nothing so well as to invade the rights which the formal assignment of a man by betrothal or marriage has bestowed or another woman. In a society like ours, where women are so greatly in excess of men, poschers necessarily abound; and men, poachers necessarily abound; and we cannot enter a drawing-room where we do not find them plying their vocation, making pleasant sport enough for the husbands, if but meager entertainment for the wives. But a poacher who known her business, and prefers a saug and safe corner to one that has more dash and excitement and triumphal colat, but also more danger, is careful not to but also more danger, is careful pot to carry on her game too openly; and, above all, she is careful not to offend the wife. On the contrary, a poscher of the wary kind is the wife's most intimate friend, and with an eye to future in demnification and the eleverest method of laying foundations, is always ready to devote herself to her when the husband is absent or engaged. Of course she has a supid time of it; but then there are arid tracts everywhere, and making the bricks for a future pyramid is by no means the liveliest part of the proceeding. Her method is wise if not amusing. ing. Her method is wise if not amusing for by it she boodwinks both society and the wife for a time, and under cover of masked battery makes so much the better practice. It is only by slow degrees that the wife finds out the real meaning of the peacher's demonstrative affection; only after a progressive series of experience that she is entitled to whisper "serpent in her ear as she shrinks from the ki in her ear as she shrinks from the kiss which, making believe to come from a friend, is in reality the kiss of a betrayer. The poscher is frequently a young lady of artless manners and gushing tenderness; strict in theoretical morals when she can be brought to book, but notorious for a certain vagueness, which

can neither foresee consequences

reted out every secret of vice, they are even more than risky. So soon as her feiend is engaged or married she takes up quite a sisterly tone toward the preserve, assuming that his state makes him something quite different from the ordinary man, and that henceforth he is safe and she may be free. She gets into the way of calling him "dear" and "old" as the still more distinct assumption of sisterliness; and she generally kieses him when she sees him. As she kieses a brother, she says, if this unusual, though pleasant habit of hers is objected to by the more conventional of her friends, whom she calls ill-natured and suspicious. Besides, is, not the wife standing by while this interesting little ceremony is about? And what harm can there be in it if she sees it, and does not object? All very well; but the wife is not slways standing by, and the chances are—human nature being but a ricketty concern at the best—that the ceremony which is so innocent in her presence ac reted out every secret of vice, they are concern at the best—that the ceremony which is so innocent in her presence acquires a somewhat different tone and flavor in her absence. This, of course, the poacher will not admit—indeed, passionately denies; but then poachers never do coofess their trade, and their snares and traps are for anything but unlawfulgame.

If the poacher is of a defiant nature and fond of showing her power, she does not care to make friends with the wife; and then it is open war, and not a masked battery, with certain discomfinre

masked battery, with certain discomfinre to one or the other in the future. It is such an exquisite delight to some women such an exquisite delight to some women to make men regret on their account—to make them mourn over the infatuation which impelled them to act so rashly, so prematurely. If only they had waited if only they had foreseen the possibilities lying for them in that quiet country house—which, by the way, they never would have seen at all but for the very accident of their marriage. But they always forgot this point, and pick out the circumstances they desire, without taking into consideration the facts which led up to them, and which they do not desire. When a woman of this kind receives the uncomfortable confessions of a husband just beginning to be dissatisfied with his choice; when he tells her with a depre-cating sigh-kindness warring with his discontent, and the remembrance of his old dreams tempering the harshness of his waking reality-that his wife is all very well, the best creature in the world, be dares say, a great deal too good for him; but oh! so little suited to him! while such a one as herself, for instance (if hard hit, her very self), is just the ideal for which his whole nature longs the very woman out out for him, and the ought to have married-she has attained one of the great ends of her am

attained one of the great ends of her ambition; she has come between a wife and her preserves and has carried off the best of the produce.

In country places where poacher girls abound, they are mainly characterized by great walking powers, a passion for riding, and an inexhaustable aptitude for crequet. The wife, poor body, probably held a close prisoner at home by some phase of the great maternity question, can do none of these things, or, if some phase of the great maternity ques-tion, can do none of these things, or, if at all, only fitfully and imperfectly. Whereupon the poacher comes in as a healthy, breezy kind of succedaneum, and takes the bored husband for a splendid spin, or a famous walk-not on the high road—or else goes with him for a spell of spooning or croquet on the lawn; where the pale and weary wife can watch them wistfully through the closed nursery windows. Perhaps the hored husband is a retired "plunger," or a young man of more means and resources, who, though he likes his wife well enough, and the country too for the sake of its sports, likes life and jolly society of its sports, likes life and jolly society better. So he takes to the poacher eagerly. If his wife was a brisker companion, he would not have taken to her so warmly; but, as things are, she is a God-send unspeakable. He is delighted with her splendid physical health, and thinks the power of walking twelve miles at a stretch the grandest a woman can have; and he is flattered by her affectionate attentions to himself. For poachers ate attentions to himself. For poachers make the first advance as a rule—is he not married, and therefore safe? He calls her a capital girl, with no nonsesse in her, and bluzes out if his wife is un-wise enough to show any jealousy, if she objects to such excessive intimacy, or wishes "that girl would not be always running over as she does."

minion. A lady in Montreal has just sued gentleman for breach of promise of mar-risgs, and the broken heart which is fig-nratively supposed to follow that kind of perfidy. She modestly assessed the price of her heart at sixty thousand dollars, but the Canadian jury decided that it was but the Canadian jury decided that it was worth just three thousand five hundred dollars, and no more, and so they gave her a verdict for that amenat. This shows the difference between the value which interested parties place upon a thing and the assessment which a disinterested body of men assign as its real value. Such things occur overy day, in cases where something more material than semale hearta is concerned—real estate, for instance.

From the London Times of August 30.1

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

An article under this title, written by Mrs. Beecher Stowe, commences the September number of Macmillan's Magacias. It will be read with world-wide interest, for though forty-five years have worn out the spell which once belonged to Byron's verse, though criticism has dealt coldly and calmly with it, rejecting its meretricious sentiment and determining its sterling qualities, the man himself remains much the same as he was first pictured to us in Moore's biography and Macaulay's brilliant and pathelic essay. To those who cannot rest content with an author's writings, but must concern themselves with his individuality, he is still the beau ideal of a poet. He stands out from them all with his handsome face, his susceptible and impetuous temperament, his sorrows and dissipations, his loves and hatreds. Condemned at the bar of opinion as a dissolute man, of violent, uncontrolled passions, his misfortunes to this day have averted judgment. By virtue of them he has, like An article under this title, written by ment. By virtue of them he has, like his predecessor, "the wicked Lord," claimed a benefit of clergy, and not got

off scot free.
There is no doubt that Mrs. Stowe' parrative will owe much of its universa interest to the fact that it gratifies the lowest kind of curiosity; but it was not written and ought not to be read with this end in view. It is a late and neces-sary act of justice—of justice to the wife, clearing her from the accusations of coldclearing her from the accusations of cold-beartedness and uncharitable prudery made so repeatedly during her life and since her death—and of justice on the husband, destroying at once and forever the romance which has so long been allowed to drape the falsehood and mean-ness of his character. Leaving the pres-ent revelation out of the question, the fact that those interesting misfortunes which at one time the world delighted to weep over, were the natural consequence weep over, were the natural consequence of the vices of their victim, has all along has this been boldly insisted on, while in nearly every extant biographical notice of the poet—and their name is legion—his wratchedness has been pleaded in miti-

gation of his errors.

His domestic quarrels have been discussed wherever English poetry is read, and the public, forced reluctantly to take Lady Byron's part, has done so with the worst grace. To blame her was, indeed, impossible; but it was easy to pity him to condole with this genius thrown away on a woman who could not understand him, and paying so dearly for his mis take. Men, and women, too, made haste to revile the cold and ungenerous prude, take. to revile the cold and ungenerous prude, who left her husband to make what wreck he pleased of his life, when, by bearing with his faults, as the good wife of a great man ought to hear, she might have saved him from himself, and done the duty she owed no less to the world than

The public, however, has had some ex-cuse for its tacit condemnation of the most devoted wife that ever sacrificed herself to an unworthy man; for Lady Byron never uttered a word in her own estification, and it is only now, when she herself and all those whom the dreadful revelation would overwhelm are in their graves, that it is given to the world. As it is, the seals of it would have re-mained unbroken, perhaps farsyer, were it not for the recent publication by Byron's mistress of a book reviving the old and threadhare calumnies against his wife, and referring his reckless indul-gence and misseable life to the despair which took possession of him when he found himself abandoned by the woman on whom he rested his hopes of better

things.
Mrs. Stowe states fully her unimpeachable authority for the parrative laid beable authority for the narrative laid before us. When, as the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," she first came to England, she formed a friendship with Lady Byron; crossing the Atlantic a second time, in 1856, this was renewed, and Mrs. Stowe received one day an invitation, in which her friend "indicated that she wished to have some private consequences." that she wished to have some private conversation upon important subjects."
Lady Byron, of delicate health for many years, had at that time been warned by her physicians that she had not long to live; she considered that the time had come when her long silence should at last be broken, or when, at least, the means of breaking it should be placed in other hands than her own.

The daylight has thus at last streamed in on the stage remance of Lord Press."

in on the stage romance of Lord Byron's life, has struck the thin tinsel and the dirty paint, and now the curtain may be dropped, and the play, still dragging on, dropped, and the play, still dragging on, put an end to. As far as Lord Byron himself is concerned, we do not regret it; the truth is the truth, and we would sooner know him for what he was than take him for what he might have been. Sad it is beyond everything how black a mark is forever set against some of the most perfect norms—those to his halfmost perfect poems—those to his half-sister Aggusta—in this, our most tongue; but, borrible as is the crime now divulged, the unutterable meanness of divuiged, the unutterable meanness of the man is still more despicable. When we learn that the author of Childe Har-old not only brutally ill-used his wife, and turned her out of his house, but challenged her before the world to say a word against him, well knowing that her noble nature scaled her lips, and that he all the while kept her money, which she

The London Times Indorses Mrs. bad scorned to secure to herself, to be Stowe's Byron Article—"The True the means of his debaucheries, we almost feel that we can never open his works

The Last "Wager of Battle." We find in an exchange the following

We find in an exchange the following imperfect account of this sflair, extracted from Henry Crabb Robinson's Diary. It occurred in 1817:

I witnessed to-day a scene which would have been a reproach to Tarkey or the Emperor of Dahomey—a wager of battle in Westminster Hall. Thornton was brought up for trial on an appeal after acquittal for murder. No one seemed to have any doubt of the prisoner's guilt; but he escaped, owing to the unfitness of a profound real-property lawyer to manage a criminal trial. For this reason the public sense was not offended by recourse being had to an obsolete proceeding. The court was crowded to excess. Lord Ellenborough asked Reader whether he bad anything to move, and he having moved that Thornton should be permitted to plead, he was brought to the bar. The declaration or count being read to him, he said:

"Not guilty. And this I am ready to defend with my body." And at the same time he threw a remarkably large glove or gauntlet on to the floor of the court. Though we all expected large glove or gauntlet on to the floor of the court. Though we all expected this plea, yet we all telt astonishment—at least I did—at beholding before our eyes a scene acted which we had read of as one of the disgraceful institutions of as one of the disgraceful institutions of our half-civilized ancestors. No one smiled. The judges looked embarrassed. Clark on this began a very weak speech. He was surprised, "at this time of day," at so obsolete a proceeding; as if the appeal itself were not as much so. He pointed out the person of Ashford, the appellant, and thought the court would not award battle between men of such disproportionate the court would not award battle between men of such disproportionate strength. But being asked whether he had any authority for such a position, he had no better raply than that it was shocking because the defendant had mur dered the sister, that he should then mur dered the sister, that he should then mur- large agran der the brother. For which Lord Ellen borough justly reproved him by observbe murder. Time was, however, given him to counter-plead, and Reader te had taken on himself to advise the wager of battle, on account of the preju-dices against Thornton, by which a fair trial was rendered impossible.

Pella, Illinois, has too much of a goo thing. The city council lately passed an ordinance forbidding the railroad comordinance forbidding the railroad com-pany to run trains through the village at a higher rate of speed than six miles an hour, and also requiring that the engi-neer should ring the bell at all crossings and "toot the whistle at all cattle on or near the track." The company thought this was asking too much, but in order to comply with the ordinance engineers were directed to start the whistle on crossing the corporation line and keep crossing the corporation line and keep them blowing until the train is out of hearing of the town. Every train pass-ing through thus gives the people about twenty minutes of whistle. The citizens desire a compromise.

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We are now opening, and offer for sale at low figures, an assortment of handsome Balmoral Skirts,

WM. FRANK.

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This IS ONE OF
THE LARGEST
STOVES in the market, baving an oven
22 by 23 inches, with
a twenty-six inch a twenty-six inch
fire-box, The Stoves
are WARRANTED
TO BAKE QUICK
AND ROEN,
AND NOT TO
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Dealer in Stoves, Grates, Tinware, Lamps, Chimneys, Burners, Wicks, Etc.,

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GALVANIZED IRON CORNICE And General Job Work Promptly Executed and; Warranted.

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